

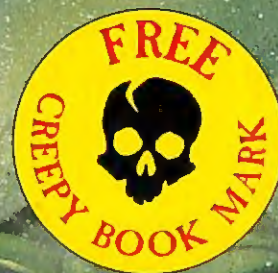
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THE SPINE CHILLER

COLLECTION

8



Reading's never been so
SCARY!

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Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs: Associated Press OHW2(tl); Bridgeman
Art Library (Lambeth Palace Library, London) TU2(cr);
The Corona Collection (Kobal Collection/95
Columbia) TU2(c), (Kobal
Collection/Columbia/EMI/Warner) SBT2(b); Victor
Englebert TU1(cl); Fortean Picture Library SBT2(tl);
Getty Images (Hulton-Getty) SBT1(c); The Hutchison
Library (C Dodwell) OHW1(bl), (Christine Pemberton)
OHW1(cr); Movie Store Collection TU1(tl); David
Paterson Photo Library TU1(b), TU2(b); Trip (S Hill)
TU2(tl); U S National Archives SBT1(tr, br).

Illustrations: Lee Gibbons TU1-2(sp); John Higgins
OHW1(br), OHW2(br), SBT1-2(sp); Paul Johnson
FRONT COVER(b), PUZ1-2(sp), PUZ3(sp); Garry Leach
SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate FRONT COVER(sp); Jerry
Paris OHW3-4(sp); Will Simpson CS1-4(sp); David
Wyatt (Sarah Brown Agency) OHW1(c).

Editorial and distribution offices

EagleMoss Publications Ltd,

7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR

Editor: Janet Sacks Art Editor: Tracy Killick

Section Editors:

Vanessa Morgan, Carey Denton

Designers: Andy Archer, Jessica Watts

Picture Researchers: Katie Nesling, Lon Gibbons

Production Controller: Teresa Magnowska

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Printed by: CSM Impact, England

Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

FREE IN
ISSUE 9
Another
Spooky Snap!



Next week in

SPINECHILLER
Collection

SUPER SCARY STORY
Nine Lives

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Scotland
Quietly Does It

STRANGE BUT TRUE
The Curse of Tutankhamun

CLASSIC SERIAL
Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde
Chapter 3

PUZZLES
Under the Sea

THE UNEXPLAINED
Telepathy

Telepathy

Swimming Lessons




Each day at the summer cottage, the three kids walked
about a kilometre down the beach to a special spot
that they had discovered, then Andy and Amanda
swam out to an old raft anchored about fifty metres
offshore. It was nothing more than a wide, thick
wooden plank connected to two huge oil drums. Along the shore,
Heather used to build sand castles, collect shells, draw, read or sit
with just her feet in the water and watch her brother and sister.
They seemed to have lots of fun pushing each other into the deep
blue water and racing from one side of the raft to another.

One day, as Heather sat on the beach and watched them play
a noisy game of I'm the King of the Castle, she had a peculiar
sensation that something – or someone – was watching her. The
beach was bordered by densely growing pine trees. Heather
turned and squinted into the dark patches between the trunks.

Suddenly, she felt something in the cool water touch her bare
foot. Like slick, slender fingers, it drifted round her ankle. She
shrieked and fell backward, yanking her foot out, only to find
that the 'monster' was just a trailing water plant.

She jumped up and pulled the slippery,
leafy strands away. Dusting off her
shorts, she turned to find her
sandals and bumped right into a
scruffy-looking, bearded old man.
Heather screamed again.





"Now, now, missy," the old man soothed, adjusting a pair of wire-rimmed glasses on his nose. "There's nothing for you to fear from me." He spoke with a strong Scottish accent.

Heather felt herself trembling all over, but she didn't want to appear frightened.

"Why did you sneak up on me like that?" she wanted to know.

He rubbed the stubble on his chin. "I don't rightly think that I was sneaking up on anyone. I might be asking you, what are you doing on this part of the shore?"

"I don't see why that's any of your business."

"Well, actually it is. You see, I own this stretch of beach from the shoreline to the road. You can just see the roof of my house beyond those trees."

Heather blushed. She realised that the old man was probably Mr Patterson. He took care of the cottages during the winter, when no one visited the loch. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. I hadn't expected to see anyone. You scared me."

"I dinna blame you for being afraid," said the old man. "There's plenty to be worried about. But not here. Oot there." He pointed his gnarled finger towards a small island near the south shore. It was overgrown with bushes and towering trees.

"What's the matter with it?" Heather asked. In the afternoon sun, the island looked harmless enough.

"That depends on whom you talk to," said Mr Patterson, easing himself down to sit on a large, fallen log. He picked up a stick and began to draw in the damp sand, first a line to represent the shore, then a small circle to symbolise the island. Heather knelt in the sand beside him.

"Och, there's a really good reason to be careful of that place. You ken, the way the tide has to squeeze in through here," he dragged the stick between the island and the shore, "it creates quite a current. At certain times of the month, it can be really treacherous." His voice took on a sad tone. "There's been an awful lot of accidents out there over the years."

Heather wrinkled her brow, and she said, "You mean people have died out there... drowned?"

"Och aye. In fact, just last summer four visiting kids were drowned on the far side of the island, along with the two police constables who were trying to save them. It was awful strange, though," the old man mused, shaking his head. "Fiona McIntyre, one of the constables, grew up around here and she could handle a boat in almost any situation. No one ever quite worked out how the current got the best of her. Some say there is more to contend with out there than just the current... much more. There's an old Scottish legend which says that those who die in these waters never rest... they just wait and watch for others to join them."

Heather felt a shiver run up her spine. She thought of the tales her grandmother told. She could almost hear the heavily accented words: "They envy those who

walk in the sunshine. They drag them down to spend eternity at the bottom of the freezing water."

The old man continued, "But then, there never seem to be any witnesses. Last summer only the two empty boats washed ashore, and they don't talk. So, it's best to just stay away from that place."

"Hey, Heather!" Andrew called as he stood, dripping, on the sunny beach. "Come on, we have to go back!"

"I have to go, Mr Patterson," Heather said, standing and brushing the sand off her legs. "Thanks for the warning."

The old man frowned. "Aye. See that you remember it."



The following day the family had a picnic lunch on the shore. After carrying the dishes back to the cottage, Andrew and Amanda asked if they could go for a swim.

"I think it's too soon after eating," their mother fretted. "I'd rather you stayed out of the water for a while."

Instead, the three kids took a walk along the shore, picking up shells and bits of twisted driftwood. They were well out of sight of the cottage when Andrew found an old rowing boat.

"Hey, look at this," he said as he checked for holes and cracks. "I think it's seaworthy. Here are the oars."

"Andrew," Heather cautioned, "Mum asked us to stay out of the water."

"She meant we shouldn't swim," Amanda said. "I'd love to row around a bit. Maybe we could explore that little island out there. I'm sure she wouldn't mind that. Come on."

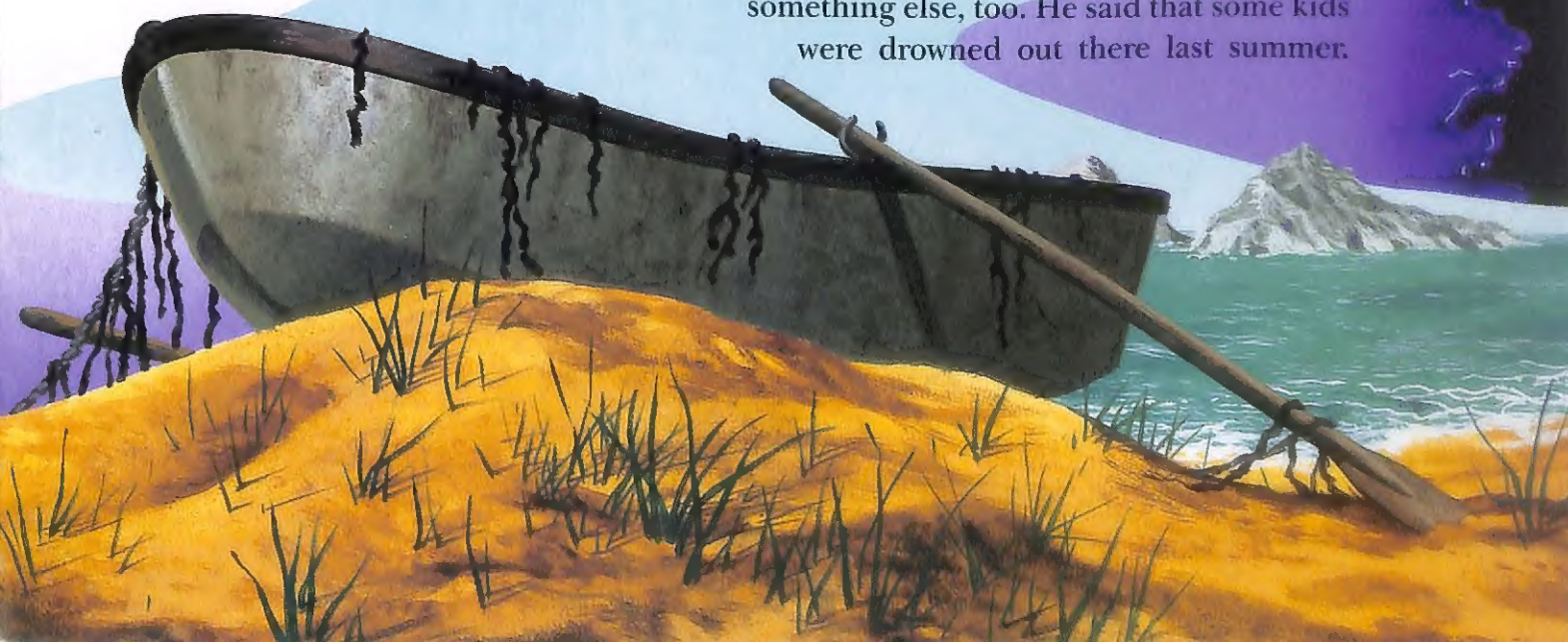
Andrew and Amanda started to push the small craft out into the water. Heather thought of Mr Patterson's warning. "Please don't. It isn't safe."

"Of course it is," Andrew countered. "There's nothing wrong with the boat at all."

"It's not the boat!" she almost shouted. Her brother and sister stopped and stared at her. "It's the island," she added quietly.

Shading his eyes with one hand, Andrew glanced at the small body of land offshore. "What about the island?"

"Mr Patterson said..." Heather began. "Well, that the currents are too dangerous, but I think he was trying to warn me about something else, too. He said that some kids were drowned out there last summer."



It all sounded really weird. He said that there's a legend about this loch..."

Andrew glanced at Amanda, and a smile began to play at the corners of his mouth. "Oh, no! Not another legend. I think that crazy old man is just trying to keep everybody away because he has something to hide. Maybe it's treasure!" Andy pushed the boat farther into the water and leapt in. "Come on!"

"What kind of treasure do you think it

would be fun and she was letting her fears prevent her from enjoying her summer. "After all," she told herself, "they wouldn't actually be in the water. If they were all together, it would be OK." She took a deep breath and climbed into the boat.

At first, Heather began to think that there was no reason for her worries. She actually started to relax. Andrew handled the boat well, and the current was gentle.

"I bet there is a treasure chest filled with jewels on the island," Amanda fantasised.

"If I were a pirate, I'd have hidden my loot there. Avast, mateys!" Andy sneered at his sisters. "Head straight for that patch of land yonder – or ye'll be made to walk the plank!"

Amanda laughed. "We don't have a plank, dummy."

Heather giggled, too. This really was fun. Andy began to sing a song that he thought might be suitable for a pirate, and the girls joined in as the mainland shore dropped farther away behind them.



could be?" Amanda asked, as she jumped in behind him.

"C'mon, Heather," Andrew coaxed. "It will be fun."

Heather didn't budge. Tiny wavelets lapped at her ankles. "I don't want to. Please. We could do something else. Building a fort would be much more fun."

Andrew raised his eyes, exasperated. "There's nothing to be afraid of. We're all together, and we are not going to let anything happen to our precious sister!"

Heather set her jaw in refusal.

"OK, if that's what you want." Andrew started to pull on the oars. "But Amanda and I are going. You can stay here all alone if you want."

Heather started to protest, but then she had the odd feeling again that she was being watched. She did not want to stay alone on the shore or walk back by herself. Perhaps her brother was right. Perhaps it

As they approached the island, however, things began to change. Although it was still early in the afternoon, the light of the sun appeared to fade. Then, without warning, the wind picked up and so did the current. Andrew fought with the oars as the tiny boat was swept along.

"Amanda, help me!" he yelled.

"What do you want me to do?" Amanda was trying to be brave, but she could hear the nervousness in her brother's voice.

"Take one of the oars and just try to hold the boat steady. I think if we swing round the far side of the island we can ride out of it." He aimed the bow of the boat towards the small circle of land.

"What can I do?" Heather asked. Her brother was showing signs of tiring.

"Watch the shore carefully. We have to get round that point, but we don't want to get in too close."

Heather did as he asked. When the boat rounded the point, she was the first to see the 'people' standing among the tangle of vegetation that extended from the small strip of beach into the water. They looked almost human – as if at one time they had been. They seemed to be standing not in the water, but on its surface. Whatever they were, they were gazing directly at the three children.

"Andy! Look over there!" she cried out. "Who... or what are they?"

For a moment the three stared in a stunned silence. Then Andrew found his voice.

"Row! Row as hard as you can!" Both Andy and Amanda heaved at the oars, scrambling to get away, but the boat edged closer to the dreadful island.

While Heather watched helplessly, several of the horrid creatures slipped beneath the water's surface. Then, from beneath the water, ghastly pale hands reached

up and grabbed the edge of the boat, making it rock from side to side. Amanda stood and beat at them with an oar. She was the first to plunge in. Andy reached out to grab her and toppled over the side. Heather tried to hold on, but it was no use. She felt the boat tip... felt herself sliding into the water... the freezing grip of icy hands. Even under water she could see the grisly chalk-white skin.

The creature pulled her down until she was looking into its deep green, lifeless eyes. Its long, black hair drifted about in floating, twisting tendrils. Somehow, Heather broke free and fought her way to the surface. She filled her lungs with air.



But then, kicking and screaming, she found herself being lifted from the water and pulled aboard a boat by warm, human hands. It was Mr Patterson. She tried to tell him that Andrew and Amanda were still out there but, in her terror, no words came.



As Mr Patterson's motorboat turned towards the mainland shore, Heather noticed that the wind had dropped. There was no current, and the island was completely deserted. Mr Patterson took her to his beach cabin and wrapped her in a blanket.

"I'm so sorry," he said, as he handed her a mug of sweet tea. "I saw the three of you rowing out. I tried to get to you as quickly as I could, but the motor on the boat – I couldn't get it started. These old hands are so clumsy."

Heather looked at his hands, the same hands that had pulled her from the water.

"Did you see them?" she whispered.

"Your brother and sister? No, I was too late for that."

Heather looked into his eyes. "No, I mean, did you see *them*?"

The old man sighed. "I didn't see much of anything once I came round the point. Like an old fool, I was in such a hurry. I was trying to do too many things at once. My glasses – well, I'm afraid they slipped into the water.

I couldn't see much of anything. I still can't. Everything up close is pretty blurry. It was lucky that I found you."

They sat without speaking for a moment until a knock at the door broke the silence. Heather jumped. "That's the police," Mr Patterson reassured her. "I rang 999. I'm afraid I can't see well enough to drive you home, and it's beginning to get dark. After what you've been through, I don't think we should walk. They've already called your parents." He adjusted the blanket round Heather's shoulders, then helped her to her feet.

A female police constable slipped her arm round the girl. "You've had a terrible shock, love," she whispered softly. "But don't worry, you're quite safe now."

Still stunned by all that had happened, Heather didn't even look up. Mr Patterson squinted at the constable in the gathering darkness. "Her folks are staying over at the Campbell's place. You'll be sure she gets there safe and sound? Poor wee bairn, I wish I could take her myself, but..."

"Don't worry," the woman assured him. "You've done all you can. I'll see that she joins her family right away."

Nodding his head, Mr Patterson laid his hand gently upon Heather's shoulder, then turned back to his boat. Heather let herself be guided from the shore towards the place where the constable said the police car was parked. After a moment she realised that they were moving past the dirt road and towards the loch.

"Where are we going?" she demanded. "This isn't the right way." As she twisted away, the blanket fell from her shoulders and Heather felt the constable's icy hand. Looking up, she saw that the woman's long, dark hair was wet. In the moonlight, she could see the horrible green eyes and a tarnished name badge on the uniform that read 'McIntyre'.

With her last reserve of strength, Heather bolted away, running until her heart felt that it would burst. She didn't realise that she was still heading for the loch until she slammed into something cold and damp and fell to her knees.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, little sister?"

"Oh, Andy! Amanda!"

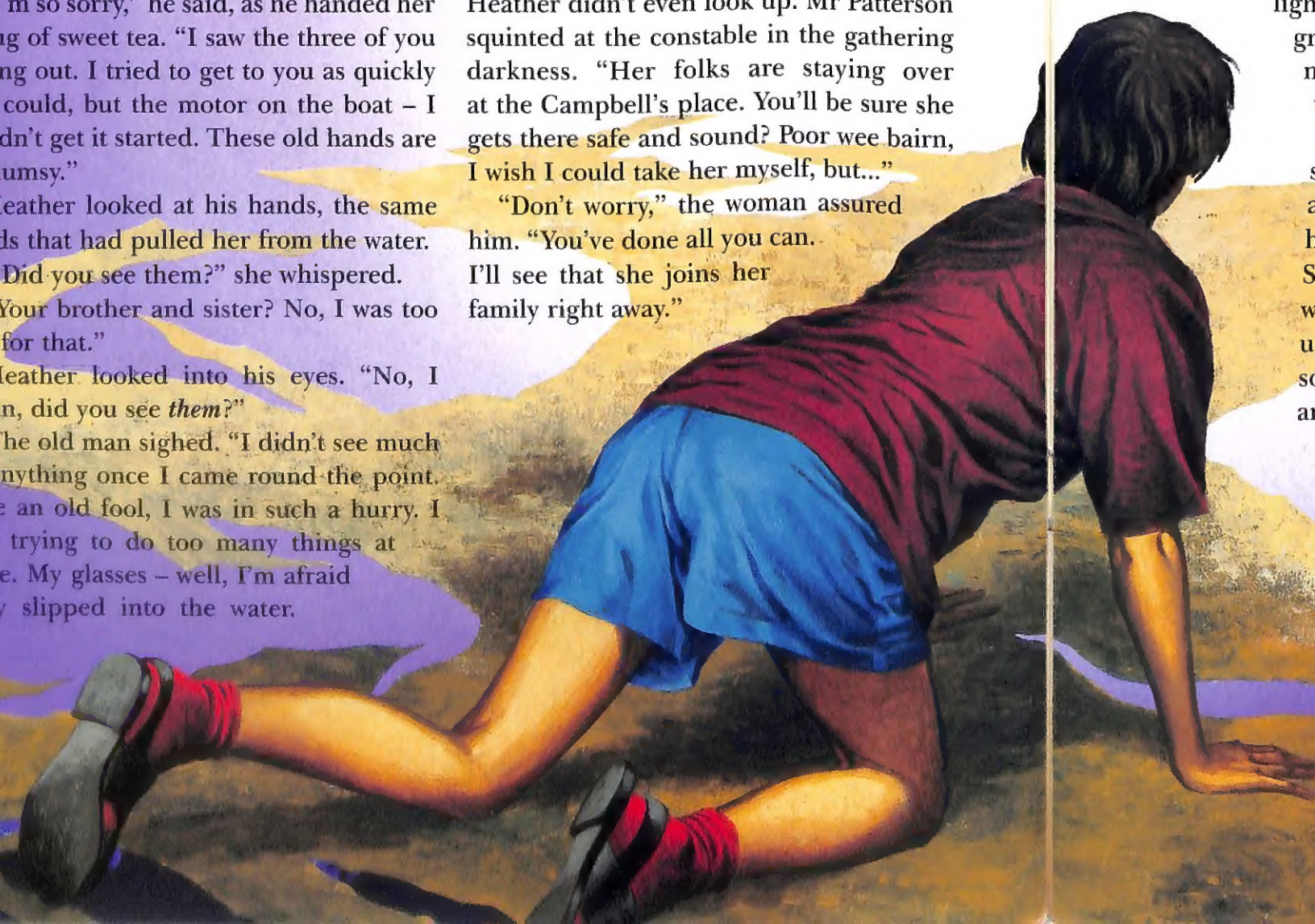
Heather cried out in relief. "Thank goodness! I thought... it was so horrible... I really thought that you'd both drowned." She gazed up happily at her brother and sister as they leaned towards her in the gloom. "How did you...?"

Her relief seeped away and was replaced by pure terror as she realised that Andrew and Amanda, dripping wet, were staring down at her with lifeless green eyes.

"No! Oh, no!" Heather wailed, trying to shrink away from them.

Grinning, Andrew wrapped his clammy arms round Heather, as Amanda said, "Come on, Heather, it's such a lovely night for a swim!"

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

China is a vast and ancient civilisation and it has plenty of mysteries and spooky tales. This selection is from the provinces in the south...



ENTER THE DRAGON!

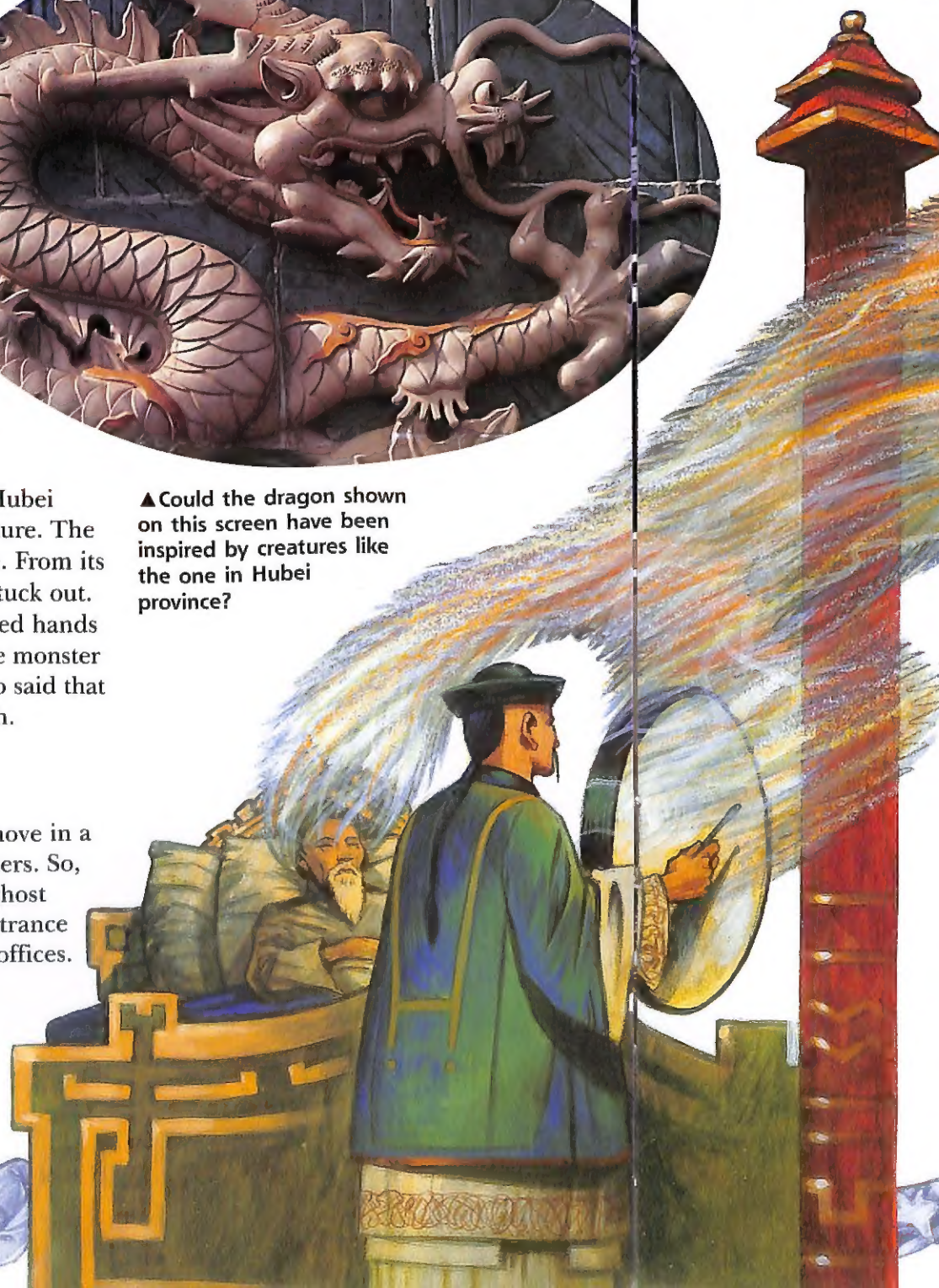
In 1962, some fishermen using explosives in Hubei province upset a huge and hideous water creature. The angry beast rose from the river and gave chase. From its toad-like flat head, eyes larger than footballs stuck out. Red fur covered its shoulders. It had fat, webbed hands and its clawed feet were as big as bathtubs! The monster went on a rampage, terrifying local people, who said that white vapour poured from its metre-wide mouth.

WALLED-OUT GHOSTS

Chinese people believe that ghosts can only move in a straight path and are unable to go round corners. So, to prevent evil spirits entering a building, a 'ghost wall', as shown below, is put up behind the entrance of apartments, palaces and even government offices.



▲ Could the dragon shown on this screen have been inspired by creatures like the one in Hubei province?



SNAKES ALIVE - AND DEAD!

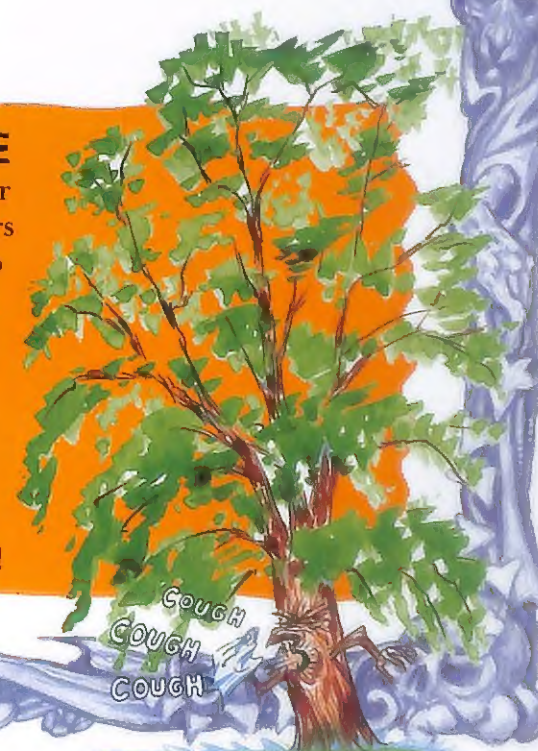
In 1995 in Panyu City, Quian and Ni, two 23-year-old women, set one of the scariest world records by spending 12 days and nights with 888 snakes – 666 of which were venomous! On the first night, the cobras killed 150 of the harmless snakes, which were replaced next morning. Ni was bitten twice, but was able to treat herself with herbal medicine. She was soon fit enough to start exercising with her snake skipping-rope!

THE SPIRIT SCARER

In ancient China, evil spirits were believed to take over the bodies of animals such as foxes, cats, monkeys, tortoises or frogs. After a while, the spirits cast off their earthly animal bodies and became pure spirit. They caused people to suffer bad luck and all kinds of illness. If you were bedridden with such an illness, only the tao-tze doctor, or ghost-catcher, could help you. He entered the house and filled it with ear-splitting clanging and shouting, designed to drive away the evil spirit. Only then would you start to get better.

THE COUGHING TREE

Near Beijing, a 3400-year-old maidenhair tree has attracted thousands of visitors since April 1996, when it started to cough! The tree, described as a 'living fossil', is 25 metres tall, with a trunk measuring 15 metres around. Several times each night it makes a sound just like an old man coughing and rasping. No one knows how or why this occurs, let alone what type of cough mixture such an elderly tree might prefer!



A DOG'S DINNER

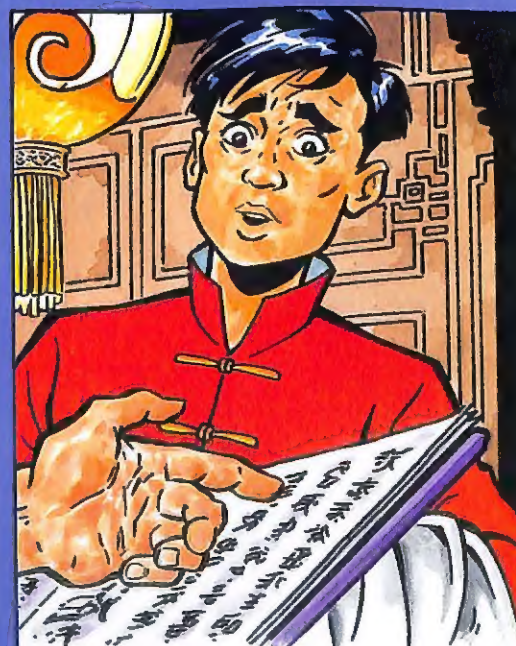
A FRIEND OF A FRIEND'S GRANDPARENTS WENT ON A CRUISE TO SHANGHAI...



1 Mr and Mrs Power were the old-fashioned, meat-and-two-veg types. But in Shanghai, they felt they should try some Chinese food.



2 They found a small, local restaurant full of Chinese people – a sure sign that this would be the real thing. Unfortunately, the menu was only in Chinese!

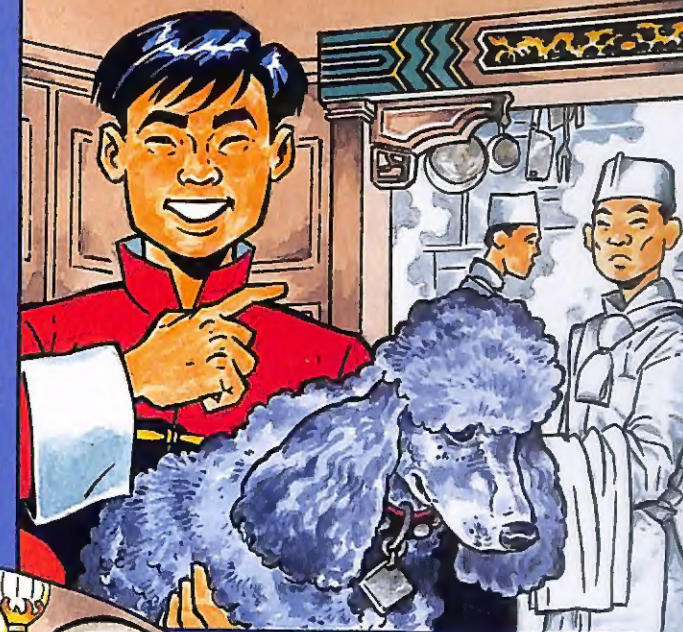


3 The couple asked the waiter to order some food for them – but his English was as non-existent as their Chinese.

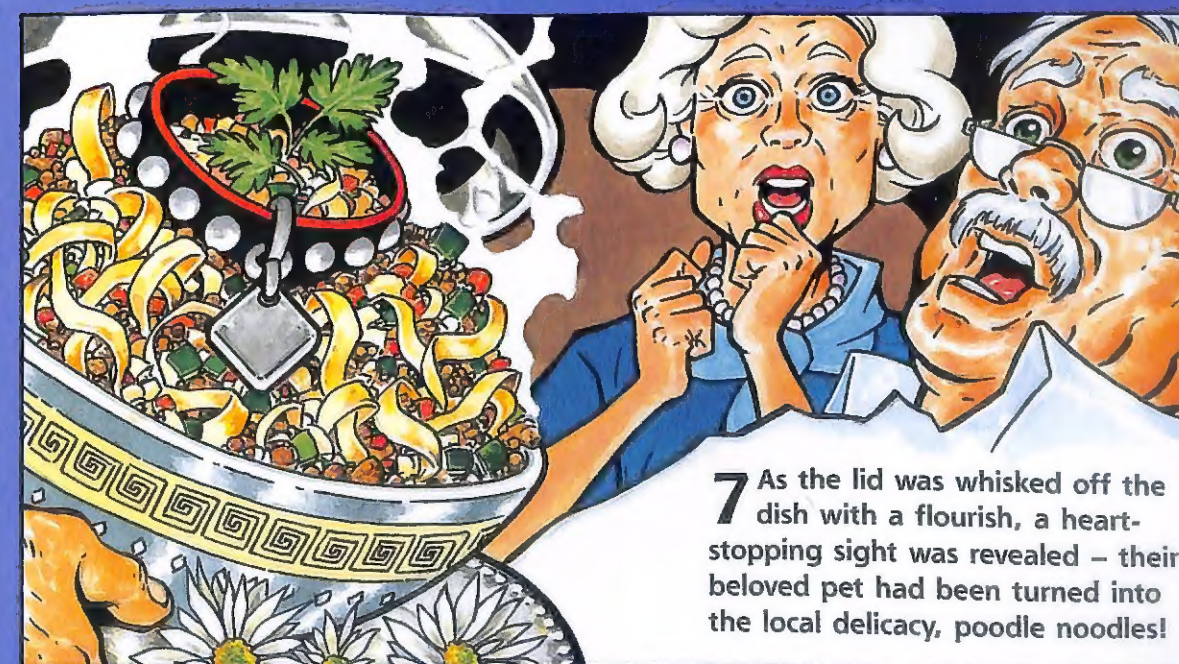
4 Confident that they would eventually get fed, the pair pointed to their pet dog, making signs to show that their pet also needed some food.



5 The waiter grinned and suddenly seemed to understand. He gently picked up the pooch and went off with him to the kitchen.



6 After quite a while, the waiter returned with a big, covered dish and a big smile to match.



7 As the lid was whisked off the dish with a flourish, a heart-stopping sight was revealed – their beloved pet had been turned into the local delicacy, poodle noodles!



THE PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT

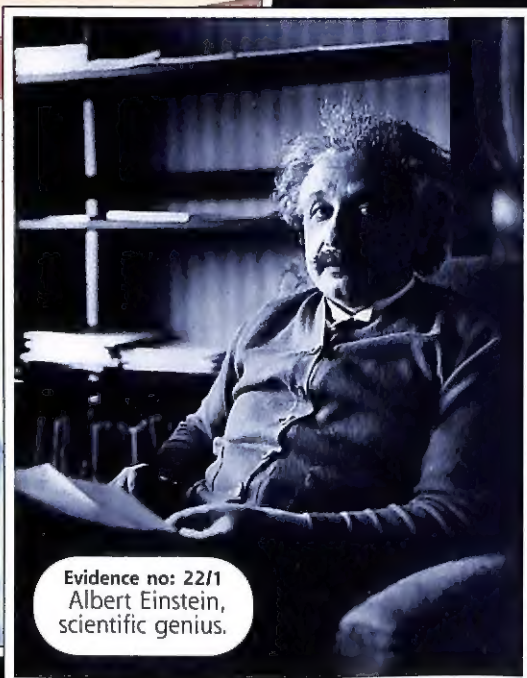
Special Investigation File: 22

Subject: Did 'The Philadelphia Experiment' take place in the USA in 1943?

SpineChiller creates a file

Einstein and Invisibility

In 1943, World War II was raging and anything that could help defeat Hitler was being considered. So, when Einstein's theory suggested that invisibility might be possible, it has been claimed that the US Navy actually did some top secret tests. 'The Philadelphia Experiment' was the unofficial name given to the tests, which allegedly took place in Philadelphia's naval dockyard.



Evidence no: 22/1
Albert Einstein,
scientific genius.

Dear Dr. K...

In answer to your question, scientist Albert Einstein's 'Unified Field Theory' concerns the relationship between electromagnetism, gravity and nuclear energy. The potential uses of this theory are mind-boggling:

- invisibility
- a force-field through which weapons cannot penetrate
- a way of moving between two places at great speed
- the ability to travel through time

Officially, the theory was never finished. Some say Einstein felt that the world was not ready for it, and that the uses to which his theory could be put filled him with such horror that he would not work on it any more.

I hope this will help your investigations.
Yours sincerely,

Evidence no: 22/2
Letter from scientist
to our researcher.



Evidence no: 22/3
Aerial view of the
Philadelphia naval
dockyard.



The UFO Connection

In 1955, leading scientist Morris Jessup (left) published a book, *The Case for the UFO*. In it, he suggested that Einstein's ideas might explain the propulsion system of UFOs. Jessup's theories were similar to those being tested in the Philadelphia Experiment. Someone claiming to know all about the secret Experiment then wrote to him. Jessup was unable to dismiss the detailed scientific content of these letters. Completely hooked on the idea, he spent months gathering evidence about the Experiment.



Evidence no: 22/4
The USS Eldridge, the
ship claimed to have
dematerialised.

Now You See It, Now You Don't!

A Philadelphia Experiment eyewitness (who wishes to remain anonymous) claims that the US Navy successfully set up an 'anti-gravity' magnetic field round the destroyer USS Eldridge.

This field, when activated, caused the huge ship and all its crew to disappear, appear again at a dockyard in Norfolk, Virginia, then reappear in Philadelphia. "This all happened in just a few minutes, during which time the shape of the ship's hull in the water could be seen, but not the ship," says the witness. "The effect on the crew was disastrous, and many went completely crazy."

"After the experiment, I observed that Eldridge crew members would sometimes fade in and out of view. A local newspaper even reported that, after a fight in a bar, two members of the Eldridge crew simply vanished before everyone's eyes!"



Evidence no: 22/5
Sailors aboard the
USS Eldridge.

Confidential

Conclusion:

The evidence that the Philadelphia Experiment took place is inconclusive. And scientists are still puzzling over Einstein's Unified Field Theory!

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 2

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

retold from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson

Some weeks later Mr Utterson had dinner with his friend Jekyll and told the doctor that he had made some discoveries about Mr Hyde which made him very uneasy about Jekyll's will. But Jekyll wouldn't discuss it with him, saying, "I know you mean well, my good Utterson, but this is a private matter. Let me assure you, though: I can get rid of Mr Hyde any time I wish. And now, the subject is closed."

For many months, the lawyer heard no more about Mr Hyde. But then, early one morning in October, there was a loud knock at the lawyer's door and a messenger handed him a letter, panting, "There's been an 'orrible murder sir, and this envelope, wiv yer name on it, was in the dead man's pocket. Peeler said to tell you the body's

been taken to Bow Street police station."

Mr Utterson recognised the handwriting as that of his client, the distinguished MP, Sir Danvers Carew. He dressed and hurried to the police station, where he was asked by an inspector to identify the blood-stained body of a white-haired gentleman. Mr Utterson could only just recognise his client. Then the inspector held up the splintered, top half of a walking stick and said, "We believe that this might have been the murder weapon, sir."

Mr Utterson felt a rush of fear; the stick was identical to one he had given to Dr Jekyll. Trying to remain calm, he asked if anyone had witnessed the murder. The inspector explained that a maid had seen a white-haired man walking towards a

smaller man, then stop and ask directions from him. She recognised him as a certain Mr Hyde who had once visited her master. Suddenly, as if he were possessed, this Mr Hyde started to lash out at the gentleman with his walking stick, beating him so hard that it snapped in two. As the old man lay helpless on the ground, his assailant proceeded to stamp on him with such force that the maid swore she heard his bones cracking.

Mr Utterson stopped the inspector's narration. "I do not need to hear any more. I will take you straightaway to this man's lodgings."

The two men took a cab to a dingy street in Soho, the address Hyde had given the lawyer. They knocked on the door and a shifty looking old woman answered. She told them that Mr Hyde had come in late the night before, but had left his home a short while afterwards.

They asked to be shown his rooms which, to Mr Utterson's surprise, were tastefully furnished with paintings on the walls and silver on the dining table. Clearly the owner had left in a hurry because clothes were scattered about on the floor and drawers were left open. The inspector searched the room and found the bottom half of a walking stick behind the door.

Mr Utterson knew that he must confront his friend Jekyll, for Hyde had to be caught immediately. So that afternoon he went to Jekyll's house and was shown into the laboratory by the butler, Poole. The window-less room was strewn with chemical equipment and straw-filled packing crates. The lawyer climbed the steps to the doctor's den where he found his friend, huddled by the fire, looking extremely pale and ill.

Utterson said, "I suppose you've heard the news? And I also suppose that you are not mad enough to hide this evil man?"



The doctor's normally calm manner deserted him. Instead, he rubbed his hands together feverishly and cried out, "I swear to God, Utterson, I will never set eyes on him again. He's gone for good, I can promise you that."

During the following months, there was not a single sighting of Hyde, even though a reward had been offered for his capture. As time wore on, the lawyer felt more relaxed. Dr Jekyll was his old self again. He gave dinner parties, involved himself with charitable works again, picked up with old friends. One of these was Dr Lanyon, who had known Jekyll since student days.

On 8th January, Utterson had spent a pleasant evening at Jekyll's house with Lanyon and a few others. A few days later, he called by to see Jekyll but was told by Poole that the doctor did not want any visitors. The same thing happened on 14th and 15th January. Worried about this change in Jekyll, Utterson went to talk to Dr Lanyon. He was shown into the doctor's study and was startled to see how ill and frail the man was. His normally rosy-cheeked face was drained of colour and his eyes had a frightened look.

"My dear Lanyon! You don't seem well at all," he exclaimed.

"I have had a shock," said the doctor.

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



"Too great a shock. I fear I shall never recover."

Utterson, alarmed at how full of doom the doctor sounded, tried to change the subject.

"I think Jekyll must be ill, too. Have you seen him?"

At the mention of Jekyll's name, the doctor held up a trembling hand as if to stop Utterson and cried out, "I never wish to see or hear of Dr Jekyll again."

Utterson left, deeply concerned about Lanyon and his obvious rift with Jekyll. Was Jekyll responsible for his frailty, his fears?

Two weeks later, a messenger brought the news that Dr Lanyon was dead. After the funeral, Mr Utterson sat down and opened an envelope addressed to him that had been found in Lanyon's study. Inside was a smaller envelope that read: 'Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr Henry Jekyll'. Here, once again, was the worrying idea that Dr Jekyll might disappear for good.

A few days later, Utterson was sitting by his fire when he heard a hammering at his door. The servant showed in Jekyll's butler, Poole, who looked dishevelled and was out of breath.

"Please sir, I beg you to come with me," he blurted out. "I think something terrible has happened to my master."

Utterson followed the butler straight to Jekyll's house where he found all the staff huddled together in the hall. Silently, Poole led him across the courtyard to the laboratory and signalled to him to stay at the bottom of the stairs while he knocked on the door of the doctor's den.

"Mr Utterson to see you, sir," he cried.

"Tell him I can't see anyone," came the surly reply.

Poole descended the stairs and returned to the house, with Utterson following.

"Now, sir," he whispered. "Do you think that was my master's voice?"

Utterson reluctantly admitted that Dr Jekyll's voice seemed to have changed a great deal. The butler grew very agitated and said, "That is not my master's voice. We heard the master cry aloud to God eight days ago and, ever since, that thing in there has been moaning and crying, calling for medicine. Just as my master used to send me to deliver his prescriptions, this person has been ordering me to get him drugs. But each time I leave him a supply, he complains that the medicine is not pure, and I must try another chemist."

"Why else do you think that the man in there is not your master?"

Poole's voice dropped again and he said, "Because I've seen him. I came into the laboratory one day and found him digging

WORD POWER

Peeler – slang for policeman, named after Sir Robert Peel who started the London Metropolitan Police Force

assailant – attacker

narration – telling of an event

dishevelled – in a mess

phial – a small container for liquids

about in the crates. He gave a cry when he saw me and ran up the stairs like a rat. It wasn't just that his face was different, the man I saw was like a dwarf. I think that my master's been murdered."

Utterson stared at the butler's panic-stricken face. "It is my duty to break open the door," he announced solemnly.

Poole rushed away to fetch an axe and together they climbed the stairs to the den.

"Jekyll!" shouted the lawyer. "If you don't open this door, we'll have to use force!"

"For God's sake have mercy, Utterson!" came the reply. This time there was no mistaking whose voice it was: both Poole and Utterson recognised it as Hyde's.

Poole swung the axe hard at the door and smashed the lock. The two men stepped in. A fire burned in the grate, the table was set neatly for tea and jars full of chemicals stood in tidy rows on the shelves. Sprawled out on the floor was the body of a man, his limbs faintly twitching, a crushed phial in one hand. Utterson rushed over, turned the man on to his back and found himself staring at the contorted face of Edward Hyde.

"He's dead," the lawyer announced, "and by his own hand, too. Now we must search for your master's body."

CIRCUS PUZZLES

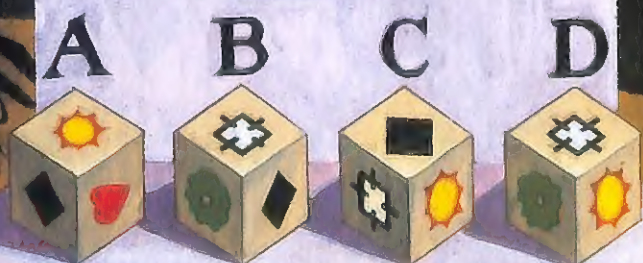
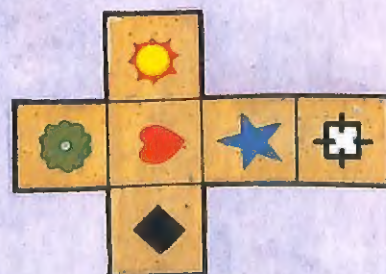
CUNNING CLOWNS

Two of these clowns' costumes, 1 to 6, are exactly the same. Can you spot which two?



JUGGLER

The juggler should be juggling four identical cubes. The pattern of the cubes is seen on the flat plan below. By looking at the plan, can you work out which cube, A, B, C or D, should be put in the place of the blank cube?



FREAKY FACTS

Morocco, the name of a horse owned by a showman in the 1500s, was mentioned by both Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh. He could dance, discover a card that someone had chosen, and add up spots on a dice by tapping out the total with stamps of his hooves!



ELEPHANT PYRAMID

There is one elephant among these six that doesn't quite fit in. Can you see why? Put the answer in the box and do this sum!

$$\square - 2 \times 3 + 12 \div 3 + 5 - \square = ?$$

Try any number in the box and do the sum – the answers will always be the same! It's magic!

FANTASTIC FACTS

An elephant, once owned by the Duke of Devonshire, was trained to water the estate's paths with a watering can, then sweep them with a broom held in his trunk.

FORTUNES

Gipsy Rosalie and Tony Trapeze are running a burglary racket. One day, Tony goes into the gipsy's tent to find a message on the table in cards. Look round the page to see what each card in the suit of clubs means, then work out what each card in the suit of spades means and translate the message.

3♠ 2♠ Q♣ 9♣ 3♣ 5♣

A♣ 6♣ 7♠ 5♣ 5♠

Q♠ 2♠ 8♠ 6♣ Q♣ 5♣ 5♣

4♠ 8♠ 9♣ 3♣ J♣ Q♣ Q♠

K♣ M Q♣ L J♣ K

FUN FACTS

Egyptians trained baboons to wait on tables!

WORDSEARCH

Hidden in the square are 21 words connected with the circus. One word in the list below is not in the square. Do you know which one?

Acrobats, Big top, Circus rings, Clowns, Cowboys, Dogs, Elephants, Fortune teller, High wire, Hoops, Horses, Juggler, Knife thrower, Lions, Memory man, Monocyclist, Ringmaster, Sealions, Stiltwalker, Strongman, Tigers, Trapeze artist.

M	E	M	O	R	Y	M	A	N	F	Z	T	S	F
R	I	N	G	M	A	S	T	E	R	W	R	G	O
A	B	A	C	R	O	B	A	T	S	S	A	N	R
N	S	J	H	O	R	S	E	S	T	L	P	I	T
E	T	U	K	U	W	K	E	I	H	X	E	R	U
R	N	G	O	R	S	B	L	L	O	S	Z	S	N
I	A	G	L	P	N	T	O	C	O	E	E	U	E
W	H	L	F	I	W	H	R	Y	P	A	A	C	T
H	P	E	C	A	O	R	K	C	S	L	R	R	E
G	E	R	L	S	L	N	R	O	D	I	T	I	L
I	L	K	M	X	C	F	S	N	O	O	I	C	L
H	E	B	I	G	T	O	P	O	G	N	S	J	E
R	R	T	I	G	E	R	S	M	S	S	T	I	R
R	E	W	O	R	H	T	E	F	I	N	K	C	O



FABLED CITIES

For centuries, people have dreamed of perfect places where no one is poor and people are beautiful and happy. While some fabled cities are definitely invented, others are surrounded by mystery – did they exist or not?

Atlantis is one of these mysteries. The famous Greek philosopher, Plato, wrote about Atlantis, a powerful island kingdom that was dramatically engulfed by the sea. People are still arguing about whether or not the story is true – and if it is, where the sunken city might be found.



▲ SUN GOD CEREMONY
The 'golden man' was smeared with resin, then gold dust was blown on to him through a pipe.

GRAINS OF TRUTH
What makes fabled cities more mysterious is that in the legends about them there is often an element of truth. Take the case of El Dorado – believed by some to be a city of gold somewhere in South America. Excited by rumours of El Dorado, the first Spanish explorers tortured the native peoples in an attempt to discover the location of this city. When they failed to do so, they plundered the gold and precious jewels of the South American Indians.



◀ RAFT AHOY
This gold model, found in 1969, shows the raft from which El Dorado's attendants threw gold offerings into Lake Guatavita in Colombia.

THE 'GILDED MAN'
The city has never been discovered. What is more likely is that El Dorado was a 'man of gold' rather than a 'place of gold'. The name probably came from a ceremony where a tribal chief was literally coated with gold dust and rowed to the centre of a lake where he threw in priceless objects as a sacrifice to the sun god. Some gold objects have been recovered from a lake in Colombia, but many people believe there are still fabulous riches to be discovered.



▲ MYSTERY GRAVE

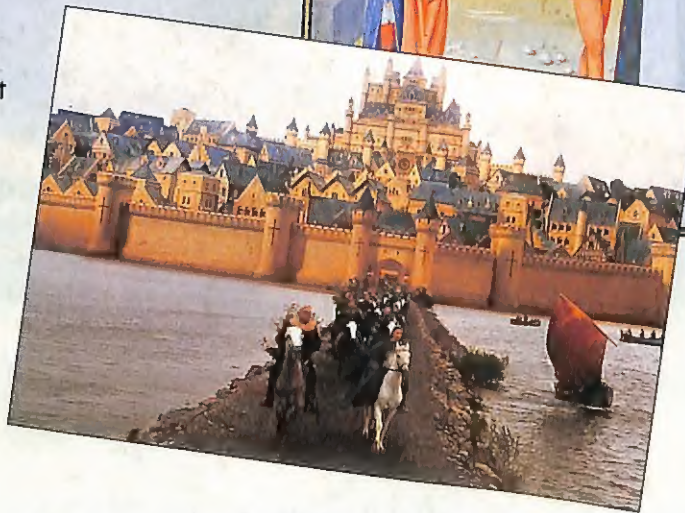
The dying King Arthur was supposedly taken to the Isle of Avalon. In 1190, monks at Glastonbury claimed they had discovered Arthur's grave. Was Glastonbury ancient Avalon?

FARAWAY PLACES

For many hundreds of years it was easy for people to believe in fabled cities faraway, because it was very hard to travel – even within one country. In his book 'Lost Horizon', James Hilton created a city called Shangri-la. He described the people who lived there as very peaceful and possessing strange, supernatural powers. Since the book was written in 1933, many people have chosen to believe that there really is an earthly paradise hidden in a remote corner of the globe.

► CASTLE CREATION

The 1995 film 'First Knight' created a fairy tale setting for King Arthur's Camelot.



LEGEND OR FACT?

The most famous fabled city in the British Isles is Camelot. This was the court of King Arthur, a Celtic king who may have fought against the invading Anglo-Saxons. At Camelot, the young and heroic king gathered noble knights around him. They vowed to fight against evil and protect the weak. Even though the story of Arthur may be more legend than fact, a possible location for Camelot has been established at Cadbury Castle in Somerset, near the village of Queen Camel. Historians have discovered that local people referred to the castle as Camalat. Perhaps this is one fabled city that really did exist...?



▲ A HERO'S HOME

A medieval illustration of King Arthur being crowned at Camelot. Was this heroic king fact or fiction?

